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NEGLECTED ARABIA

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NEGLECTED ARABIA

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THE ARABIAN MISSION

The Life of a Convert

REV. EDWIN E. CALVERLEY

THE life that a convert from Islam is compelled to live claims our sympathy and something more. The Arab or Persian who becomes a Christian needs more than our sympathy because he would be put to death if the Mohammedan law were enforced. The Khalifah Ali burnt alive some early apostates from Islam. Ibn Abbas, who was the cousin of the Prophet Muhammad and an early governor of Basrah, said that the Khalifah had not acted rightly, for the Prophet had said: "Punish not with God's punishment, (*i.e.*, fire),

but whosoever changes his religion, kill him with the sword." (*Hughes: Dict. of Islam.*)

To this day, even where the Moslem law is not allowed to operate, this desire to kill a convert remains and it must be guarded against.

"I shall certainly shoot my brother with this revolver if I ever see him going to the Christians' Sunday afternoon service!" So declared recently the brother of one of the converts baptized in Basrah in 1920 by the Rev. Dr. T. H. Mackenzie, the Chairman of the Board's Executive Committee.

"Oh, please stay away from the church service, so that your brother will not carry out his threat," the convert's mother pleaded with him. "You say your new religion is a religion of love," she continued. "You will not show love if you give your brother a chance to kill you."



A MOSLEM PREACHER AND JUDGE OF THE
SHIA SECT

For her sake he staid away some Sundays until his brother went to India.

This Arab convert and the Persian baptized several years ago have both been threatened with death. Neither of them has any expectation that the threats will be carried out. The Moslem preacher who urged from his pulpit that his hearers should slay the Persian convert was only paying lip-service to his law. Neither he nor his hearers cared to follow the recommendation. But while these converts are not living in the expectation of being killed, yet they live with the knowledge that many people would rejoice in their death. We need to overbalance that cause of unhappiness by the ministry of friendship and assurances of affection.

The Arab convert whose experiences are mentioned here has become an outcast to all his family except his mother. When he returned to his home town some months ago he called at his cousin's house. "So it's you, Fulan!" they said. "Please go away and never come again! You are dead to us and we to you," and they shut the door upon him.

This convert's mother has not forsaken him. The family allow her to visit him. They use her to try to win him back. At first she brought offers of mercenary reward if he would renounce Christianity. Five thousand rupees she said his brothers had collected to give him. The offers afforded him excellent opportunities to explain his motives in changing his faith, while their misunderstanding of his position and sincerity emphasized the inferiority of their appeal. One day the mother brought with her the little girl that they had planned should later have become his bride.

His mother finally became convinced that he was in very truth determined to remain a Christian and her visits have become less frequent. Recently she said to him, "It would be a feast-day for me if you would only say, 'Secretly, I'm a Moslem.'" He countered, "It would be a feast-day for me if I could only hear you say, 'I'm a Christian, but secretly.'" "There's no doubt of it," she declared. "You are indeed a Christian."

Not only are this convert's relations with his family heart-breaking and pitiable, but his position with his former friends and school-mates is likewise distressing and depressing. There is a little comfort for him in the fact that some of these friends would remain friendly if they could, but they dare not oppose the general contumely and antagonism towards him. One friend who is a slave and keeps a shop for his master said to him, "From the crown of my head to my feet I am under obligations to you, and to the day of my death I will not forget your favors, but I must beg of you not to come and sit in this shop any more."

Another of his former fellows paid him a brief visit one day and told him, "When your name is mentioned in any group I am in, I curse you more than the others do, and before the others do. so that no one will think that I am a friend of yours. I have to do it because I would not be able to get a job if people thought that I was your friend"

It is probable that there is not a harem in the city which has not



THE ARAB CONVERT, AHMED, WHEN A STUDENT AT KUWEIT

Women who have seen him there have picked up sand and cast it in his direction as they flung their bitter words at him. To make life miserable for him is the object of all who meet him except the mission community. The missionaries must needs do much to make life pleasant for him.

Added to his trials is the affliction of tuberculosis. Truly his burdens and heartaches are many and heavy. He needs our aid and more than our human aid. Let us give him our help by praying now that he may accept from the Lord the comfort of heart and the freedom from burden that belong to him through his coming to Christ.

heard of our friend's apostasy. Callers come to the hospital just to look at him and to see how his change of religion has changed his appearance. Two Arabs from the interior came once while he was taking a noon-day nap. "Where is he? Where is he?" they asked. A patient uncovered our friend's face. "Here he is," he said. "But he still looks like a man!" they exclaimed. "What did you expect to find?" they were asked, but they hastened away without answering. Children point him out to each other as they pass the hospital and see him on one of the benches, and they all curse him with expert tongues.



A FORM OF PUNISHMENT USED IN THE MOSLEM SCHOOL AT KUWEIT

Flower, the Freed Slave's Story

MRS. G. J. PENNINGS

IN connection with the good news that along the Debai Coast the slaves are going to be set free by order of the British Government, you may be interested in the story of Flower, as told by herself, which is typical of the life story of many of the freed slaves in Bahrein.

"My country of birth is the Jungle. It is called Nyassa, and has a river as big as the Basrah one. And such good things as we used to eat—sugar cane and peanuts and lots of other nuts and potatoes and egg-plant and all sorts of great big vegetables. We also had lots of meat, for the country was full of sheep and goats. But of rice we ate very little and dates I never saw there. Our houses were built of grass and mud, with very strong wooden beams, because they had to be strong enough to keep out the wolves. Our country is just full of wolves.

"But one day when I was only five or six years old I was playing out in the woods with other boys and girls, when three men came along. They seized us, filled our mouths with flour, tied up our chins and put us on camels. First they took us to Ali's house in Zanzibar, where we remained for about a week. But then he became afraid that our people would come after us, so he put us on a sailboat bound for Sur in Oman, Arabia. There they separated us and put us in different houses so that we could not see each other any more. I, myself, was taken to the house of Sheikh Sagr bin Khalid.

"When after about five years I grew up into a pretty woman, they told me I must learn Arabic and become a Mohammedan. I became one of the Sheikh's seven concubines. He was good to us and gave us jewels and clothes, but his wife tore our clothes and beat us every day. When she used to beat us so much, we used to say to our master, 'Uncle, take us to the bazar and sell us!' He said, 'I will never take you to the bazar—you are like my wives and cannot be bought and sold. Your children are my children.' I gave birth to a little boy, but when he was only seven months old my master's wife took him away from me. She, herself, had four children and feared that if my child grew up, the Sheikh might leave him some of the inheritance.

"I was so angry that they had taken my child away that when I found out that there was in Bunder Abbas a Sahib who could free slaves, I fled from my master's house. To pay my passage I gave my necklace to the captain of the sailboat, telling him to take me there. The trip took us only a day and a night and part of another day. We arrived at dusk and my master got there the next morning, but he found me already at the consul's house. I was holding on to the flagpole. I was so frightened. After the consul got up and ate his breakfast, he came out on the veranda. Then he saw me and sent a servant to ask me who I was and from where I came. I told him I was from Sur in Oman. Then he said, 'Who is your master?' I said

'Sheikh Sagr.' The consul then ordered 'Take her to the cook's wife.' She gave me rice and meat and bread and buttermilk till my hunger was satisfied. After that the consul sent for me. He asked 'What is your name?' I said 'Flower.' 'Who is your father?' I said 'Othman.' 'Who is your mother?' I said 'Jedaya.' 'Where is your country?' I said 'The jungle.' 'How many years have you lived in Sheikh Sagr's house?' I said, 'Fifteen years.' 'Why have you come here?' 'They beat me, they broke my teeth, they took my child from me and killed him and so, Sahib, I have come to you and to God. Whether you help me or whether you kill me, one thing I know—I shall never go back to my master.' The Sahib then took a piece of paper, wrote on it my release and handed it to me, saying, 'Look here, Flower, you are free, so free that if you want to go to London to see the land of Queen Victoria no one can hinder you. No one can hinder you or say anything to you or take you, for you are free. If your master has anything to say, let him come to me.'

"For about a week I remained in Bunder Abbas, and after that went back to the consul to ask permission to go back to Linga. He said 'You are free; go.' I went to Linga and stayed for a year with the sister of my former master. She was fond of me and I served for a year about the house. She provided me with food and clothes. Then a black man, named Bilal, asked for me. My mistress said, 'This poor man wants you for his wife.' I said 'Thank you.' He gave me two hundred and fifty-five rupees and brought me mats, bedding and clothes. We remained in Linga for four years. He was a diver, and when he went to dive, I stayed with my former mistress. He did make some money but he spent it all on opium. He went from bad to worse and began to commit all kinds of wickedness so that I did not want him any longer. One Ramathan we left Linga and came to Bahrein. We built a house, but he began to steal again. To get money for opium he began to steal even from me, my clothes and pots and pans. Then I went to the missionaries to complain. I said, 'My husband steals from me and beats me.' The missionary lady took me to the hospital and told me to serve there for twelve rupees a month. My husband was caught stealing and taken to the consul's prison. He fled from the prison and I never saw him again. Two years later he sent me my divorce papers. I took them to the missionaries, who all read them, and told me I could now serve in the house. So I left the hospital work and began my work in the house. I lived in a room back of the Mission house.

"I know I have often been naughty—I have run away and left the dishes unwashed—when other women laughed at my reading. I would not come again to learn to read. When I listen to the Gospel it often makes my heart happy, but sometimes it makes me cry and I ask what will happen to me in the Day of Judgment. I have cursed, I have lied, I have sinned and am like dirt beneath the feet of the Lord. Then I pray like you do, 'Forgive my sins, Lord, wash away my guilt and give me a clean garment.'"

My First Arab Meal

MISS CORNELIA DALENBERG

OF all our new and interesting experiences since we came to Bahrein I think the picnic at Moharrek was one of the happiest. Not a jaunt out to the woods, to be sure, with baskets loaded down with sandwiches, pies and wienies, but a Picnic just the same!

It was during the Christmas holidays that the ladies of our mission received an invitation to spend a day with Ayesha, who lives on the island of Moharrek. It seems that this had been planned for some time and all of us were looking forward to the event eagerly. Unfortunately the invitation came on a day when the Mission was holding "Open House" for all the Persian women and children of the vicinity, so only three of us could go.

Mrs. Harrison, Miss Rachel Jackson and I set out, leaving Bahrein about noon. It was about a half-hour's ride by sailboat to the other island and the tide was out when we arrived, so we had to go ashore by donkey. My first donkey ride! That is commonplace enough for anyone who has been here, I presume, and the donkeys, too, seemed to be serenely unconscious of anything unusual as they splashed through the water. My donkey's back was broad enough to insure safe transit so there really was nothing to be alarmed about but the giddy spectacle of the two figures ahead of me trying to keep their balance was too much for me, and I must confess I was glad to reach dry land.

With such an exciting initiation the day promised to be full of interest and it surely turned out to be so. Our hostess was one of the wives of the heir apparent. She lives with her father who is also a sheikh. He is very solicitous for her welfare and as a result she is given rather more freedom than most Arab women seem to enjoy, especially when her husband is away. On this particular day he had gone away, I understand, and Ayesha had planned her feast accordingly. When we reached the sheikh's house, which was about five minutes' walk from shore, we were welcomed at the door by some of Ayesha's friends who ushered us up to her mejlis (reception room) on the second floor. A few guests were already seated in this room; we went through the formalities of greeting and then found places on the rugs beside them. After a few moments Ayesha herself entered. She was elaborately dressed, bedecked with jewels, and heavily perfumed. There was a quiet dignity about her that I have not seen in any of the other Arab women we have met, and she looked almost queenly as she walked about the room greeting her guests. She welcomed Mrs. Harrison warmly—they are very good friends—and seemed interested in the two new "Khatuns." How I wish we could have talked to her! She had such a sweet wistful look; I longed to ask her hundreds of questions. But all we could do was gaze admiringly at her as she seated herself gracefully on the rug and proceeded to tell about her plans for the afternoon. We were to wait at the house until their two machines,

owned by her father and husband, returned. So the women chatted with each other while we slid up closer to Ayesha in order to inspect and admire her jewelry. She slipped one of her broad gold bracelets from her arm and let us try it on. It was too small, of course; all the Arab women I have seen are very slight.

Soon there was a commotion outside and we heard the two machines chugging into the court space. We went down, all of the Arab women drawing their veils and carefully keeping their covered faces averted from the crowd as we entered the court. Amid the awe-inspired gaze of the onlookers who had gathered from the streets round about, we piled in, ten of us in the seven passenger car and the remaining number, seven or eight, in the other car, which was a five passenger. The velvet-jacketed Indian chauffeur clicked the doors and we were off.

I wish you could have seen those two cars dashing, actually *dashing*, through the narrow tortuous passageways between the houses,—streets, did you say? while dark figures scurried away out of the path of danger, and curious faces peered out at us from narrow cracks and openings in the buildings. We finally reached the broad opening outside the village, and, needless to say, breathed more freely. All except the chauffeur, whose equanimity had not been disturbed in the least. He seemed to have been utterly calloused to danger! The ride through the open, over the wide white sands, was delightful. Recent rains had made the paths beautifully smooth and solid, as good as any boulevard in America. In less time than it takes to tell it we reached the end of the island and saw before us a magnificent date garden which Ayesha told us was her father's. We alighted there and the machines were sent back to the village.

Ayesha and some of her friends went to a small building at one end of the garden to receive other guests who were coming and incidentally to supervise the preparation of the meal. Meanwhile the rest of us wandered about the garden, walking on the soft shady paths between the vividly green patches of alfalfa, or sitting on the edge of the well, watching some of the women eat radishes which they had pulled out of the ground. A most unusual sight to me, because they ate leaves and all! After a bit our hostess came out and joined us; we admired her garden and she showed us all around. When we came to the windmill, an American one which has been set up just recently by Mr. Pennings and Mr. Dykstra, she showed us how it pumped water into the little irrigation ditches. But she was puzzled because it was not working. Why wasn't the wheel going round; was the machinery out of order, she wondered. Mrs. Harrison explained to her that the wind made the wheel go round and there was no wind just then. When we had seen all of the garden she led us back to the mejlis where the others were assembled. The number had grown surprisingly; there were approximately fifty of us, but the room was large so we all found comfortable seats on the rugs spread around the sides. The women seated nearest Mrs. Harrison began asking her about us, the new Khatuns, as we are

called. They tried to converse with us and thought we were most stupid because we could not understand them. They felt so sorry for us, too, because we had no husbands. So old, and not married! From another part of the room a voice rose above the hub-bub; a rather pleasant voice raised to a high pitch half singing, half chanting in a weird minor tone. "Can she be singing." I asked. No, she was reading. The company quieted down and listened. Parts of the story must have been interesting or amusing; a response came now and then—a laugh here, a titter there. Parts of it seemed to be familiar, too; others joined in and chanted a few lines with the reader. It was most weird, and not at all my idea of a picnic!

Coffee, then tea were served. You have all read about the way Arabs serve coffee, with their tiny little cups and long-nosed coffee-pots. And you have heard about Arab coffee, that bitterest of bitter beverages! After my first taste of Arab coffee I decided that the sooner it was down my throat the better and tried swallowing the contents of my cup in one gulp. Fortunately they do not fill the cups. But that was poor policy: the minute my cup was empty it was promptly refilled. After that I made the first one last. One is grateful for the tea which follows; it is far more palatable.

So the afternoon passed and through the small openings in the wall we saw the sun was setting. It was the hour of prayer. One by one the guests passed out of the room and we watched them going singly and in groups to different parts of the garden to say their prayers. Meanwhile, preparations for the meal had been going on in a certain part of the garden. From the window where I sat I could see a large charcoal fire under one of the ethyl trees, with cooking utensils and steaming kettles standing around and figures scuttling to and from the well. Fragrant odors were wafted to us from this spot and when finally all the guests had reassembled and the first signs of food appeared, we all agreed in English and in Arabic that it was a most welcome sight.

Two large straw mats were brought in, about eight or nine feet in diameter. These were arranged on the floor far enough apart to allow plenty of seating space around each one. We drew up around the mats; every inch of available space was occupied. The problem of heating guests at an Arab meal is solved simply by sitting *tight*. When every one had found a place Ayesha asked Mrs. Harrison to ask a blessing. I thought this very considerate and respectful of her since this custom, I understand, is entirely foreign to them.

A servant came in carrying a large tray piled high with rice,—a veritable mountain of it, and over the rice, gracefully draped, lay a whole sheep, head and all, "done to a turn," as we say at home. This was placed in the middle of the mat while another servant scattered dates here and there and loaves of Arab bread. Their loaves are large and flat, like our pancakes.

The meal was ready. Arms stretched across from all directions and soon cadaverous holes began to appear in the one-time shapely mountain

of rice. I must say they have eating with their hands down to a fine art. Try as I would, I could not get a handful of rice to my mouth without losing half of it. I watched the others and saw that they squeezed each handful deftly and getting their thumbs under the lump thus formed, shoved sections of it in their mouths. As a matter of fact, I was so busy watching the others that I rather missed out myself. I envied Mrs. Harrison and Miss Jackson, who were eating with apparent ease and facility. I asked them, "Do you like it," and they assured me they did. It certainly looked like it; they were enjoying it as if they might have been eating creamed chicken off Haviland China plates.

The food was fast disappearing. Two or three of the women pulled the meat apart and distributed large chunks of it to those who could not reach it themselves. The huge pile grew smaller and smaller. At this stage I managed to get a bit of the stuffing of the sheep, which was a mixture of some kind of cereal, seeds and whole hard-boiled eggs. You might not have recognized them as such, but they were real eggs and powerfully good! We finished up on dates.

An Arab meal does not last long. There are no delays waiting for courses, no conversation to amount to anything, and the food is very rich so one needs but little of it. One by one the women paddled out to the doorway where someone had mercifully provided a pitcher of hot water to pour over our hands. I stole a glance at their hands as they went by: only the tips of their fingers needed washing, while my hand was greasy to the wrist. By this time the autos had returned to take us back. It is one of the points of Arab etiquette, I learned, to leave soon after refreshments have been served. Ayesha thanked us for coming, Mrs. Harrison in turn expressed our appreciation of her hospitality. So ended our picnic. No baskets to carry home, no fires to quench, no empty pickle bottles to throw into a near-by stream. This had been a novel picnic indeed. Wouldn't you like to be invited to an outing like this? Ayesha asked us to come again and we are looking forward to our next visit to Moharrek.



A BEDOUIN MARKET

The Bounds of their Habitation

MRS. JOHN VAN ESS

"And He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek after God if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."—Acts 17:26-27.

THIS is a day when I make a round of calls on some of my former school girls, so we will begin at this house on the creek, which would have a lovely view if all the windows were not so tightly closed and shuttered, giving it almost the look of a blind house. We go into the little hall-way, past the door-keeper who sits half asleep, cross-legged on his bench, fingering a Moslem rosary, and in through a heavy inner door which leads to the women's quarters. Nothing blind here! The inside courtyard is full of bustle and life, one black serving woman washing clothes as she squats on her heels on the stones in front of her copper tub of suds, another in the smoky kitchen, busy over rows of pots bubbling on charcoal fires and sending out most savoury aromas; a Jewess peddler of small wares coming down the stairs, chuckling over the good bargains she has made and the last bit of gossip she has retailed, with her pins and tapes, to the residents of the harem. Up the stairs we go and into a little room which overlooks the court yard. It is spread with rugs and cushions and here, sitting near a charcoal brazier of beaten brass, we find the mistress of the house, a stout and pleasant-faced Arab lady whom we used to call Um Yusuf (Mother of Joseph), but whom since her return two years ago from the pilgrimage to Mecca it is courteous to address as Hajjia.

We exchange the customary salaam and kalaam with her, literally greetings and talk, and then she calls out loudly "Bedrea, oh, Bedrea! Come, come quickly! Here is your teacher come to see you!" And then comes in my dear ex-pupil, the Hajjia's daughter-in-law, whose pretty Arabic name means Full Moon, and whose face is beaming almost like one. In her arms she bears proudly her beautiful three-months-old baby, as chubby and winsome and well cared for a mite of humanity as one could find anywhere in Arabia or America. "There," she exclaims, as she dumps him in my lap, "doesn't he smell like a rose? He has just had his bath." He does indeed, and I agree most heartily, while the baby surveys me with a solemn black-eyed stare. "Well," says his grandmother, the Hajjia, "I certainly did think it would kill that baby to be washed all over every day in this cold weather—his head, too! But God is great!" "I do everything just as you and the lady doctor told me," continues Bedrea, "Bath, clean clothes every day, powder, everything." She is torn between a desire to boast about the baby's splendid condition, and the Arab superstition that such remarks will bring down the evil eye, "tempting Providence," as it is called in more favored localities.

We talk for some time about the baby's future, how he is to go to school as young as possible, never be absent, and never, never use swear words or other bad language, and he sits cooing and gurgling in my

arms. We speak with satisfaction of the excellent progress Munera, Bedrea's sister-in-law is making after an operation in the Government Women's Hospital by the English lady doctor. This was the most radical step ever taken by the conservative old family, fully equal to the baby's daily bath, and the Hajjia is still astonished at herself that she finally gave her consent. This daughter was with her mother when she went to Mecca. "Do you know," she says to me, "Bedrea says she never cares to go to Mecca!" "No, I don't want to go on the pilgrimage and I don't ever intend to. I'm a Feringi (European) in that respect," says Bedrea, with a side-long glance at me, as much as to say that she would say a good deal more to me if her kindly but fanatical mother-in-law were not present. Just now coffee is brought in the picturesque long-beaked Arab coffee pot, and poured into the little handleless coffee cups and passed to each one. One woman who is sitting with us refuses it. "I'm fasting today," she says. "She is making up for some days she lost during Ramadhan through illness," explains the Hajjia to me. "You Christians don't fast, do you?" In a few minutes we are well launched on a discussion of fasting, pilgrimages and Islam in general. "Look here, Um Yusuf," I say, "now don't be angry with me, but what possible difference can it make to God, the Creator of all, whether you eat by day or night? You only fast from sunrise to sunset, does it make you think more about your soul to do your eating in the middle of the night?" She laughs and I go on, "Now our religion, the religion of Christ, teaches that the things we must fast from aren't eating and drinking, but from evil thoughts, bad speaking, bad temper, telling untruths or unkind things, things of the heart and not of the body." "Very good speaking, excellent words," she approves, "but your religion for you, and ours for us. These things are written for us, it is our fate." "Hajjia, think for a moment," I continue, earnestly, "of what you and I have often talked about, the condition of women in Islam. Think of the miseries of plural marriage, and divorce, and young girls married to evil old men, and family quarrels and divisions, all the direct result of your religion, and its laws." She nods agreement, with her face heavy and sad, and all the women present give an assenting murmur. All these things are too well known for us to need to cite even one case for proof. "Very well, you agree to that. Now can you believe that God, be He praised and exalted, could possibly decree a religion which would involve over half of the people that He has created in such oppression and misery? How could He possibly write such a fate over you and all your fellow women of Islam?" But the Hajjia is a devout and loyal Mohammedan of the old school and when she finds herself cornered she takes back part that she has conceded and says firmly, "No one but God can understand all things, but what He has written on us He has written. It is our fate." Bedrea has been listening quietly but with her beautiful dark eyes eloquent. She studied the Bible carefully and thoroughly when she was in school and as I take out my Testament and read to them a little before I go she kindles inwardly to the familiar words.

Our next call is at a far humbler place but we have an equally hearty welcome. Fatima and her husband rent one room in a one-story house on a small side street and the courtyard is full of neighbors' children and washing and chickens, with a large sheep tied in one corner and a half grown gazelle wandering around bumping into everyone's feet. But Fatima's little room is clean and neat, with a large bed in one end, draped in the pink silk curtains which were part of her wedding outfit five years ago, clean mats and cushions on the floor, and ranged round the wall the brass-studded boxes and brightly colored baskets with covers which hold all her possessions. She is a slender delicate looking girl, with a wistful expression, and it is a great grief to her that she has no children. So far her husband, a young Arab of rather modern type, who is in Government employ, has not laid it up against her and has not yet mentioned another wife, or divorce, those two great dreads which overshadow the life of every Mohammedan wife. She has a great deal of liberty too, and is practically never refused permission to go out visiting her friends. While she is getting ready a little tray of nuts and sweetmeats with which to regale us, I will tell you what happened once on one of her calls. I wasn't there but the story was told me afterwards by Makkia. Makkia is one of our Bahrein converts, a black woman, and while she was in Basrah last winter she used to do a great deal of calling among the Mohammedan families and was nearly always asked to read them. One day she was reading in the harem of a well-to-do grocer in Ashar, women who were very fanatical and who seemed to enjoy hearing the Gospel chiefly so that they could contradict and deny it. In the midst of it a flock of visitors came in but after they had laid aside their black veils and abbas, or cloaks, and exchanged greetings Makkia went on. Suddenly one of the visitors interrupted her, "Why that's my book that you are reading! Where did you get it? What do you know about it?" "It's my book too," replied Makkia. "I am a Christian." "Yes, but where did you hear about it? Who taught you?" persisted the other. "Oh, all the missionary ladies, here and in Bahrein, for years and years," said Makkia, running over the names, but she was interrupted again by Fatima exclaiming, "It was my teacher and that is my Injil (Gospel) that I studied and learned when I was in school!" "Are you a Christian?" asked Makkia directly. "God knows," answered Fatima solemnly. At this the lady of the house, who had been listening with the greatest interest, said, "Well, I always supposed this was something Makkia had made up, but if you know about it too and know that it is true, there must be something in it! Go on Makkia, I will listen to it now. This is quite a different matter." I could hardly believe my ears when I heard about this incident afterwards. Fatima, though always a sweet and gentle girl, had been one of a crowd and not particularly quick at learning, nor in school long enough for me to feel sure how much impression had been made on her, and yet years afterward in a purely Moslem company she gave such testimony as this because of the strength of her conviction that she had heard the truth.

Now we hurry along the narrow streets to the house where we are

to have lunch. Our hostesses are two sisters who were married last year to their cousins, two brothers. Not for them is the pleasure which Fatima enjoys of going about. After they left school, they never went outside the house, except to go down the river to their grandmother's country place, until they were married and came to their new home. I supposed that now they would be allowed to make an occasional call for their husbands are up-to-date young men, who have studied at Beirut College and have many advanced ideas—but no! "Father told us," said one of the girls, laughing ruefully, "that if we tried to go out of our house, now, because we're married he would come over here and give us such a beating with his own hands as we had never imagined!" They have quantities of lovely clothes and jewels, and each girl has a suite of rooms gorgeously furnished in Turkish style, mirrors, carved furniture, wardrobes and cupboards, marble-topped tables, and elaborate chairs and settees, and of course any amount of most beautiful rugs. We have a delightful luncheon with the girls and their mothers and various other friends, and do full justice to the delicious chicken and rice, mutton stew and dolmas, crisp Arab bread, delicate milk-pudding (we're glad it is not flavored with rose-water this time) and many other good things. We finish off with oranges, and then sit around the big brass samovar and sip our tea from the little Persian tea-glasses, talking of many things. When it is time for us to go they urge us to come again and again. "We can't come to see you, it's no use talking about it even, but please, please, you come to see us as often as you can!" they say.

There is only time for one more call today so we will go around to a little settlement in the gardens beyond the town a bit to see my little Khadija—little no more but always called that when she was a tiny girl in school to distinguish her from other and bigger Khadijas. Her mother was a poor widow, a servant in an Arab house near the school and she first sent the bright-eyed demure little tot to us to keep her out of mischief and out of her way. Khadija adored the motion songs and the occupation work we gave her when she was not engaged with the mysteries of the Alif, Ba, Ta, of the Arabic alphabet. Her progress was hindered by frequent long absences, not always explainable. Once her mother took her to Baghdad on a visit to relatives, and later she had her head shaved after measles, to keep her from going blind, so of course could not come to school till her hair grew out! For some years she was one of our "regular irregular" pupils, but when she grew old enough to be useful in the house she dropped out entirely. We see her occasionally and she and her mother are always glad to have us come in, listen with sympathy and interest when we read to them, although with the resigned "these things are not for us" air that so many Moslem women have.

These are a few of the many girls who have come and gone in school during the past years. Narrow indeed are the physical "bounds of their habitation," but who can doubt that their minds and hearts "seek after God if haply they might feel after Him and find Him!"

PERSONALIA

Miss Jane A. Scardefield reached America on her furlough, April 5, 1922. She is now living with her sister, Mrs. Mason, at 411 McClellan Avenue, Mt. Vernon, New York.

Dr. and Mrs. James Cantine and Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Calverley arrived at Boston on June 5th. Dr. and Mrs. Cantine are spending the summer at Stone Ridge, New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Calverley are at present at 210 South Duke Street, York, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Harrison arrived in New York, May 27th, having come by way of England. They are spending the summer at Catonsville, Md. Dr. Harrison will be visiting a number of the Student Conferences during the early part of the summer.

Mrs. Sharon J. Thoms arrived in America on June 26th. She is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Walter A. Scholten, at Tarrytown, New York.

Rev. James E. Moerdyk returns to the field after his furlough in this country, sailing from New York on the S.S. "Mauretania" on August 15th.

Miss Fanny Lutton, who has been spending her furlough with relatives and friends in Australia, is returning to Maskat where she is expecting to arrive about September 1st.

Rev. and Mrs. D. Dykstra have taken charge of the work in the station at Amara. They have secured a motor launch and will spend much time upon it on the work to which they are assigned, Evangelism among the Villages along the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Bilkert have removed from Amara to Baghdad to be in charge of the work of the Mission, formerly in the care of Dr. Cantine, now on furlough.

Rev. Bernard Hakken and his fiancéé, Miss Van Putten, and Mr. George Gosselink, the latter under short term appointment to educational work in Basrah, will sail for the Persian Gulf on August 15th.

Miss Esther Barny recently graduated with honor in the first graduating class of the New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, N. J. She is entering upon a medical course in the fall with a view to becoming a medical missionary in the field of her parents.

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